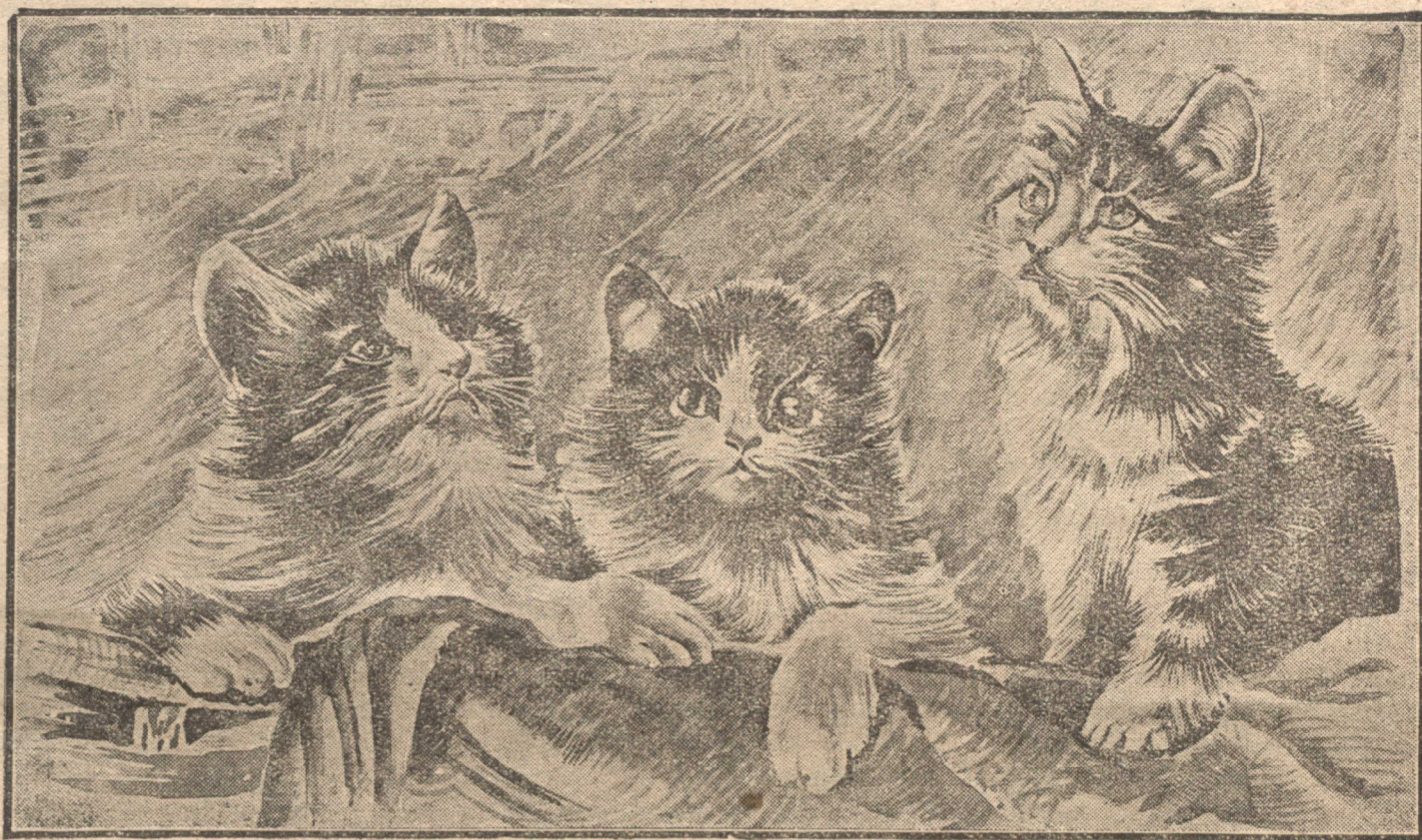


# LITTLE FOLKS



DEAR LITTLE PETS.

—'Our Dumb Animals.'

## Lizzie's Treats.

(By Eva A. Madden, in 'Presbyterian Banner'.)

When old Aunt Sally came to Professor Sloane, and asked permission to sell luncheons in the High School basement to the girls at recess, it was only after much pleading on her part that he gave his consent. The difficulty in refusing was, Aunt Sally had belonged to the Sloane's before the war, and the professor felt himself powerless in the face of her. 'Now, Mister Johnnie, yo' knows yo' ain' gwine ter say no ter yo' ole Mammy. All I wants am ter bring doughnuts an' cakes, an, la, now, Mister Johnnie, yo' knows how good I makes 'em, don't yo' now, honey?' she urged insinuatingly.

The fact that he did know, added to the sight of the rheumatic old hands no longer able to rub at the wash-board, made it an irresolute voice that urged the temptation towards extravagance this plan might prove to the school-girls. Her persistency winning in the end, Aunt Sally readily agreed to let none of the girls run up bills, 'not even seniors, remember, Aunt Sally,' warned the professor.

If their principal had doubts as to the wisdom of the scheme, the girls had none. Sugary hot dough-

nuts, fresh pulled candy, smoking 'raisiny' gingerbread, and very big, very sour pickles were much to their taste, and each day Aunt Sally's appearance was hailed with an enthusiasm which manifested itself in an increasing revenue of nickles and dimes to the old woman.

Before long the latest thing, along with a rivalry as to the immensity of one's white neck-ties, or the number of loops in the elaborate Alsatian hair-bows then the style, was 'treats' from Aunt Sally's lunch basket.

Three first year girls were among her first customers. Amy Benton, Lucy Carter and Carolyn Lindsey were rich, well-bred girls, who had been friends from childhood. When Lucy's father had decided on a year at the High School for his daughter, previous to a Wellesley preparatory course at Professor Wharton's expensive school, it was a matter of intense satisfaction to her that Amy's uncle and Carolyn's father were of the same mind concerning the education of her two friends.

Recesses at this school were spent in strolls about the basement, the favorite promenade being the senior's big recreation rooms. There the girls, eating, chatting, laughing, or imagining they were studying,

formed a hollow moving square on its great floor.

The hubbub was deafening, talk varying from opinions as to the merit of 'Old Mam' Selle's Secret,' to whether Cromwell or Charles I. was most worthy of sympathy, girlish sentimentality inclining towards lace ruffles and waving love-locks, while inborn American independence indorsed the liberty-loving Round Heads. The result of these arguments was not always productive of peace, and it was well known a debate concerning the atheistic tendencies of Alexander Pope, was responsible for the fact that Abbie Harding's arm was no longer seen about Evelyn Miles's waist at recess.

For three girls to walk abreast in this senior procession was very awkward, since the conversation required constant interruption as to what Amy had said, or a request that Lucy raise her voice, or for Carolyn not to turn corners so sharply as to swing Amy into collision with a neighboring couple. In addition, and all important, that intense feeling of intimacy school-girls love, can never exist among three as between the proverbial two.

This being the case, it was not considered treacherous to friendship